FEMALES D'ESDRIT



WOMEN ON THE MOVE...

Issue 2 Fall 2005 CNR Honors Magazine

HONORS MATTERS: WELCOME HOME

Dr. Amy Bass

"You get a strange feeling when you're about to leave a place, like you'll not only miss the people you love but you'll miss the person you are now at this time and this place, because you'll never be this way ever again."

- Azar Nafisi, Reading Lolita in Tehran

Finding what you love to do, and where you love to do it, is something that you both can and cannot learn in school. My interest in the Olympic Games began as a television viewer, and then developed after I started graduate school, becoming the focus of my growing interest in sports as a window into cultural history. My first Olympic experience, Atlanta, sucked me in completely. But was perhaps at my fourth Olympics, Athens, when I started to fully understand just how important this event had become to me. The theme of Athens was "Welcome Home," a phrase that made me smile every time I saw a banner that heralded it. This motto spoke, of course, to the fact that the Olympic Games had been born in Greece in ancient days, and then made their modern debut in Athens in 1896.

I recently returned home myself, from the Olympic Winter Games in Torino, Italy. It was my fifth time working at an Olympics, and like each time before, it was a unique, difficult, and worthwhile experience. Those of us who make the Olympic trek - and some of the people that I work with I have known and worked closely with for a decade or more - understand that we have no choice but to return from the Olympics once they are over. The Games end, and with their end, the real world returns, or at least, we return to it.

It is not an easy re-entry. The Olympic city - every Olympic city - is a inimitable space, one so international in scope and so

focused on its global purpose that it cannot be replicated in any other space. I know this. I know it well. And yet the significance of it does not really hit me until the plane returns me to JFK: it is there that I recognize that it will take days, perhaps weeks, for the routine of the normal to return, to wipe the Olympics almost, although not entirely, clean from my head. But it is strange: the return to the familiar is actually a departure from it. The home city is strange, while the Olympic city tied to feelings and sensations contained to a very specific place - is missed.

It is not that I stop being who I am while I am there. But now that I am here, it seems impossible to shed the walks down porticoed Torinese streets, a rare appearance of sun on the River Po, cappuccinos with impossibly thick froth, or the swarms of sports fans from around the globe chanting and singing and hoping that their athletes will do them proud and bring home gold.

With my return home comes the inevitable question of "How was it?" It is question of interest, a question that should be asked, a question that I truly appreciate, and yet it is one that I have the most trouble answering. "Fine." "Great." "Hard." "Tiring." All are accurate, but no answer

that I can scare up does any of it.

Where's your home? Where's your Olympics? Whether you are at home in class, or at home sitting in the Student Campus Center, or at home thinking about the study abroad program from a previous semester, or at home thinking about an experience that is yet to come, find it, and then go find another. Have many homes, and remember each one. And make sure to pay each a visit whenever you can.

with regards to shattering the confines of stereotypes.

Interestingly enough, after watching this commercial, I was less motivated to buy a cell phone as I was to make

sure that after people laugh at this funny little bit, they have the same moment of realization. I'm by no means an antihumor extremist. However, I do hope to provoke consciousness. See, what I fear most is the day

when I am unfazed by the blatancy of commercials with similar content.

Unfortunately, my dismay with the content of commercials didn't end there. It took me about two seconds to get over my disgust with "Christmahanukwanzaca," only to be bombarded again with a charming little commercial for a product called *Tag Body Spray*.

In this advertisement, after spraying himself with the product, a man walks through the supermarket, and is soon tackled by a myriad of lusting women. This commercial in particular suggested an animalistic tendency in women. How interesting it is that after spraying said product, women come running from afar to the "lucky" man. In this case, *Tag* is almost reminiscent to a dog whistle, which attract s the animals from afar to the caller.

In examining the word "bitch" in terms of its literal and colloquial meanings, a correlation quickly makes itself evident with regards to these examples. Is this commercial not sending a bad message? Are men actually encouraged to buy this product for such reasons? How would Susan B.

Anthony view this spectacle?

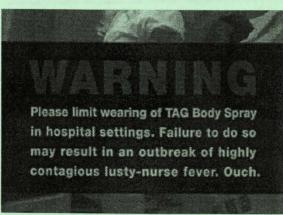
This advertisement seems also to be regressing from the many advancements that women have made towards creating an independent, equal image.

This issue's theme is "women on the move." Considering this, I thought that it

would be interesting to examine the lack of progress evident in these television commercials, versus the major movements that the College of New Rochelle's women of Honors continue to make. In opening this issue with the themes of social stagnation evident in the two commercial examples, the articles of this issue seem only more astounding in their progression toward knowledge, wisdom and enlightenment.

So, look at a Broadway musical through a critic's eye, see the many wonderful experiences that our Honors women have participated in, and hear both a student and teachers perspectives on an Honors seminar. Submerge yourself in the *progress* of these women on the move...

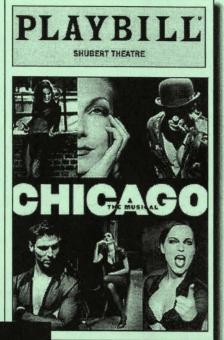
Jeanene James Editor-in-Chief



A "warning" displayed in a similar *Tag Body Spray* commercial

Photo: Yahoo.com

Danielle Lombard, 09



On October 20, 2005, members of the Honors class were given the opportunity to see the Broadway play "Chicago." The play was wonderful and provided a great beginning to my first semester in college. The play was based on two murder trials and the media coverage they received. The performances portrayed these images in a creative, festive, and very enjoyable manner for the audience.

As a freshman from New Jersey, the play gave me an opportunity to see New York City and a Broadway show at a very affordable cost. The play was quite captivating, using many different songs and dances to exhibit the plot line. The actors and

actresses were very animated and performed very well. I highly recommend this experience for anyone, because it is an inexpensive way to enjoy New York, and the many interesting facets of the city. The show also provided a very memorable experience to reflect on for years to come.

REFLECTION: Betsy Skrip:

I am very grateful to all of the people who helped me to create, refine, and submit my project Nature Portrayed Through the Evolution of Art to apply for the NCHC's Portz Scholarship—namely Emily Stern, Dr. Susan Canning, Dr. Michael Quinn, Dr. Richard Thompson and his office staff, and Dr. Amy Bass, particularly for inviting me to accompany her, Kathryn Tyranski, and Sara Weigand to what was my first national honors conference, and my first time to St. Louis.

Imagine this for an introduction to the city: a view from the airplane of the Mississippi River winding its way out of the sunlit clouds. And directly below, the Arch of St. Louis, completed 40 years ago to the day (October 28) that the four of us adventurous travelers entered this grand monument and gazed out over the city and the river from 630 feet above the ground. Just as a note of interest, mode of transportation to the top? An elevator system consisting of small, futuristic-looking pods with seats for five passengers. (Oh yes, think Star Wars when R2-D2 and C-3PO jettison their way to Tatooine.) Other events for the evening included a tour of the Museum of Westward Expansion, located directly beneath the Arch, where we learned of Eero Saarinen, the Arch's designer, as well as a visit to the Old Courthouse, site of the Dred Scott decision, which required that slaves who escaped to "free"

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REFLECTION: Kathryn Tyranski

As a seasoned NCHC National Conference attendee, I have to say that the St. Louis conference is by far the best conference I've attended as far as session content and things to do within the conference. There were so many sessions I wanted to attend! From 'The Beatles: An Honors Gateway to Pop Culture" to "iPod as Gateway for Honors Exploration and Discovery" to "Honors is a Political Animal"...there were so many, too many! I have to say that every session I attended was very informative and there was hardly ever a seat left in each conference room. I have always found the plethora of presentations and sessions amazing when I attend conferences. NCHC has always had wonderful themes and this conference's theme—Gateway to Exploration and Discovery—led to a multitude of sessions revolving around every topic imaginable.

This conference also hosted several performance events. I thought the "Performance: George Washington Carver" was excellent. I never knew that Carver did so much! It was a good tool to introduce me to the history of a Missourian and to the state. I thought the "gala" event at this conference was great—taking a trip to the Arc and going to the courthouse. I will never forget the four of us—Sarah, Betsy, Dr. Bass, and my

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A Professor's Perspective:

ON THE SELF IN CONTEXT

Dr. Lisa Paler

I started the semester with this huge three ring binder notebook containing all my class notes and outlines. I was ready! But as I faced the last couple of weeks of the semester I was left with merely the binder—empty. I have taken out the notes, moved things around and have a tendency to never put things back where I found them. You should see my office. Hopefully, the students (as well as myself) begin the semester one way and come out changed, with things not quite put back in the same way. Despite having taught in the INS/HON 101 rotation for four out of the five years I have been at The College of New Rochelle, this was my first time teaching the Honors section. And this course is really like no other in that it truly is a new iteration each time it is taught whether you have a binder full of class notes or not! Not only do you have new students but the "flavor" or focus of the course changes just as new topics are introduced and the cadre of professors who teach the course change. In my experience, HON/INS never turns out as I plan (it usually is better!) and has never become stale or routine.

I see this course as particularly important in the student's introduction to college and even more so for the student's introduction to The College of New Rochelle community. In particular, HON 101 was designed to help the freshwomen of 2009 to assess their

strengths, their areas for growth, and learn the language (if you will) of the CNR community. Thus while skill development is important, I believe the purpose of this class is to foster an easier acculturation process.

There is always a degree of trepidation when I enter a class for the first time, especially for the INS/HON course. The success of HON 101 is largely based on the will, interest, and openness of the students. When I walked into the classroom, I was facing a table of 16 (soon to be 17) students. I soon found I was unable to actually sit at the table for the better part of the semester because of the size of the room. Yet while physically excluded, I felt very embraced, challenged, and encouraged as a professor. Part of the acculturation process is to help students connect—connect with their work, their professor, the institution they have selected, and most importantly with themselves. To accomplish this, the primary task in the first week was to quickly establish a climate of safety. On the first day students created a contract outlining the types of behavior necessary to facilitate a climate of safe, self-exploration. My biggest contribution was to take notes and type up the contract which was discussed and agreed upon at the next class meeting. This contract was referred to throughout the rest of the semester.

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A Taste of Power; The cover of Elaine Brown's autobiography. Photo: Google.com

ing it to look more white. I even, at one point, dressed in traditional African clothing. As I entered the realm of being a Black Panther I learned that my ideology and own individuality would bring on the revolution we were fighting for. I tried to remain myself in all this change. I had always loved music, playing the piano, singing, songwriting. Through that artistic energy, songs about my heritage came forth. Soon my voice would be ringing through America singing the songs of my dead comrades and echoing my hope for the future of Black America...

...When I joined in 1967, I was soon to become the second woman to begin to rise to power within the Party as a representative to the Black Congress. I was well educated, so I was also working on the Black Panther's newspaper. While a part of the Black Panther Party, I truly appreciated myself as a member of the black community. I no longer thought of that characteristic—being black—as a strike. Rather, I

> to be who I was and who I still am. I was ready for anything. Or so I thought. I was ready to be black, the Party however, wasn't ready for me to be a woman. I was once

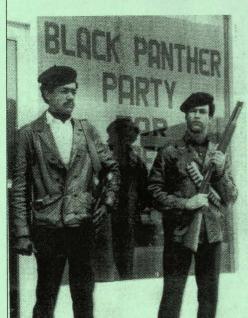
true Sister would be happy to sleep with a revolutionary Brother." That struggle would not come for some time, although it was something I was aware of...

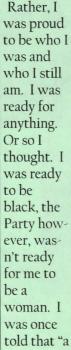
... I was pregnant in 1969 and not concentrating on being a mother until I had my child, Ericka Brown in March of 1970. This was uncharacteristic for the time since merely a decade earlier women were only expected to be wives and mothers...or at least white women. Black women had children but could not mother their own children because we were the mothers and domestic servants for white mothers. White women were the focus for all of the 1950s hoopla about wife and mother. Black women were not included as women...

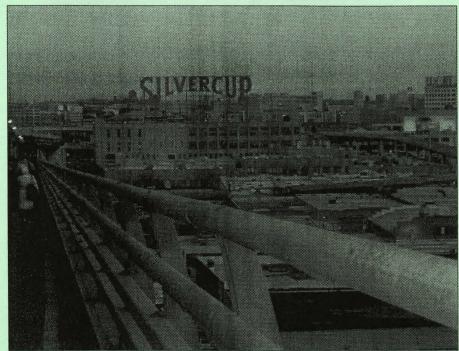
BLACK

...Once Huey was arrested and I took the lead, I had my supporters and my enemies. I learned who would be there for-Larry, Ericka, Big Bob. I was truly scared. Huey was in Cuba, exiled until his trial until it was safe for his trial. And I was here. A black woman, the second biggest enemy aside from the Man to the Black Panthers. I took charge. I appointed women to many prominent positions in the Party. Our programs helped the community and our school became much stronger under my reign. We jumped into politics head first. I ran for City Council, but lost. However, we were determined to push on. Huey remained a part of the

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newed sense of the spirit of New York. We were given the opportunity to look beyond our everyday routine and see the city as observers, rather than people accustomed to the comings and goings of everyday life. That being said, we hope an agreement can be reached soon.

Reporting to you from

Reporting to you from Astoria.

alike. We witnessed a glorious sunset and were taken by the beauty of the city and positive attitudes of our fellow New Yorkers faced with adversity. We descended the bridge and continued on, back to Astoria, making it in 90 minutes, however at least 30 of that was spent taking pictures and admiring the sunset and the wonder that is New York and it's people.

The day started with extreme obstacles, but rather than allowing them to overwhelm us, we overcame this struggle and developed our own solutions. On day two of the strike we did the Queensborough route again, this time making it to work in a little under an hour.

In a way we are glad that the strike happened as it gave us a re-



Photographs of the NYC skyline.
Photo. E. Williams



REFLECTION: Alexandria Bignall:

Going to the Harvard Model United Nations this year was truly an experience. I have never seen so many students from all over the world show so much passion for something such as the National Harvard Model United Nations. Waking up early in the mornings to spend three or four hours in one or two committee meetings in one day was also an experience, but it was all worth it for I was able to meet and engage in conversation with many talented and intelligent individuals. It was a lot of hard work coming up with definitions of unilateral acts and in the end deciding

which ones would pass and which ones would not, however, with careful preparation and effort, my committee and I came up with many successful proposals and amendments. Overall, I can honestly say that I would do the Harvard National Model UN as much as possible

for it was an experience I utterly enjoyed.

REFLECTION: Hasiba Mohommad:

From February 16 to February 19, a group of the honors students and Dr. Daniel McCarthy made the trip to Boston for the 2006 Harvard Model United Nations conference. CNR was assigned to represent the country of

Estonia, as well as the committees that Estonia was involved in. Shonda Gaylord and I chose to be on the Special Political and Decolonization committee. We became delegates of Estonia and we had to prepare Estonia's position on the two specific topics assigned to each committee. After obtaining the necessary background information on Estonia's position, we debated with the representatives of other nations in order to come up with a Resolution, which we would later pass. In addition to playing the part of true delegates and debating with other nations, we had the chance to mingle with students from all over the United States, and several international students as well. We stayed at the lovely Boston Park Plaza Hotel and had the opportunity to

check out
the Boston
scenes. After a long
day of debating in
our committees, it
was nice to
just to hang
out with
the rest of
the girls and
talk about
the new

people we met and how much we were enjoying our stay in Boston. Although, it was a mission in itself just to grab a bite to eat from the nearby restaurants, it was truly an enjoyable experience.

| MY NAME GABRIEUE TAMES |
|--|
| MY NAME. TEANENE GABRIEUE JAMES CHILDHOOD AMBITION BALLERINA/NEWS REPORTER |
| FIRST JOB. CAMP COUNSELOR |
| LAST PURCHASE TOUTHBRUSH |
| INDULGENCE SHOES! |



Jeanene James, Editor-in-Chief, Femmes D'Esprit Photo: I. James

FONDEST MEMORY THE BIRTH DE MY BABY BROTHER
NITH SOUNDTRACK DEN'T LET ME BE MISLUNDERSTOCK STATULE
RETREAT. MY MOM'S ROOM (OF NOT)

WILDEST DREAM TO BE BRILLIANT ON THE COVER OF TIME

PROUDEST MOMENT COMPLETING MY 1st RESEARCH PAPER
MAKING MY BABY BROTHER LOVE ME

AGAIN EVERYTIME I RETLIRN HOME

BIGGEST CHALLENGE.

| PERFECT DAY A SAY OFF! |
|-------------------------------|
| FAVORITE MOVIE SECRET CIARDEN |
| Inspiration Success |
| MY LIFE IS AN ENIGMA |

MY HONORS IS MY GROUNDING

What's Honors Been Up To?

At the annual Freshmen/Sophomore pizza party, students discuss the Honors Program, college in general, and learn a little about each other over dinner.



Students from the class of 2009.

Photo: N. Feliz

A few of the organizers of the party enjoy their pizza.

Photo: N Feliz



Dr. Bass, the Honors Program Director.

Photo: N. Feliz

SELECTED WORKS:

ART, ACCORDING TO KARYN MOONEY

Karyn Mooney, '09

"Self Portrait"



"Black and White"



INS: PALER CONTD.

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We examined what it meant to be in college as well as what it meant to be in the Honors program in terms of benefits, responsibilities and perceptions. We analyzed privilege in its various forms and applied the concept to readings and daily life. We laughed a lot and debated. Discussions of power, faith, the pursuit of knowledge, race, alienation, handcuffs (don't ask), and gender roles filled the room (and the dean's office area I am sure!). The discussions were frank, thoughtful, responsive, respectful, and spontaneous.

One of the more memorable segments involved the reading of Mary Shelley's Frankenstein. This text was chosen by the class of 2005 for these incoming freshwomen. Having the outgoing seniors welcome the present class through this engaging and masterful text was both academically and personally meaningful for the students. One of the final assignments students completed a letter in response to the class of 2005 and the Honors Program as a whole. It is so wonderful to see how this text has provided continuity between the outgoing class of 2005 and the incoming class of 2009. How fitting that this work of Mary Shelley, a woman while certainly impacted by the constraints of her time did not remain bound by them. Students quickly and thoughtfully grasped the various themes represented in this timeless classic. Despite the fact many had read the text in high school or on their own students reported having fresh insights. From the ensuing discussions, it was clear that they sincerely engaged the text.

What I really appreciated about this class was that these students really "got it." They realized that learning isn't necessarily about being entertained for an hour and fifteen minutes and they took responsibility for creating an interactive, positive learning environment. In one of our recent classes, we conducted a debate addressing various issues related to a liberal arts education (thanks Dr. Smart!). One of the students indicated that she was confused by some points and at first felt the exercise was somewhat pointless. Then she reported "getting into it" and recognized there was more depth to the issues than what initially appeared on the surface. This truly characterized the semester of HON 101 from my perspective—a willingness to go beyond the surface which is not always an easy or pleasant task. Knowledge for knowledge's sake—what a concept!

Hopefully more questions than answers have been raised over the course of this semester. I look forward to my future contacts with Alina, Alex B, Dymonique, Erin, Kerry, Alex D., Katie, Helen, Melanie, Sarah, Allison, Jenell, Danielle, Carol, Karyn, Sujey, and Megan. Cheers!

LOOKING BACK:

LIGHTS, CAMERA, CABARET!

Pictures from the recent CNR Drama production of Cabaret.



Honors Students Jeanene James and Rochelle Thompson.

Photo: J. James

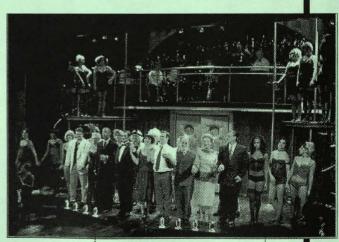


The Kick Line.
Photo: J. James



Femmes Editor Emeritus Kathryn Tyranski poses in full costume backstage.

Photo: J James



The full cast takes places for the final bow

